NO ONE EVER CARED FOR ME LIKE JESUS

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C. F. W. — C. F. WEIGLE

1. I would love to tell you what I think of Je - sus Since I found in Him a
2. All my life was full of sin when Jesus found me, All my heart was full of
3. Ev - 'ry day He comes to me with new as-surance, More and more I un - der-

tell you how He changed my life completely,
ac'd His strong and loving arms a - bout me,
v - er know just why He came to save me,

CHORUS

- er friend could do.
way I ought to go. } No one ev - er cared for
His bless-ed face

me like Je - sus

else could take the sin

THE
LIFE STORY
AND SONGS OF

Charles F. Weigle

Dedicated to the Ministry of
CAMP JOY
"Where Boys and Girls Begin to Live"

NO ONE EVER CARED FOR ME LIKE JESUS

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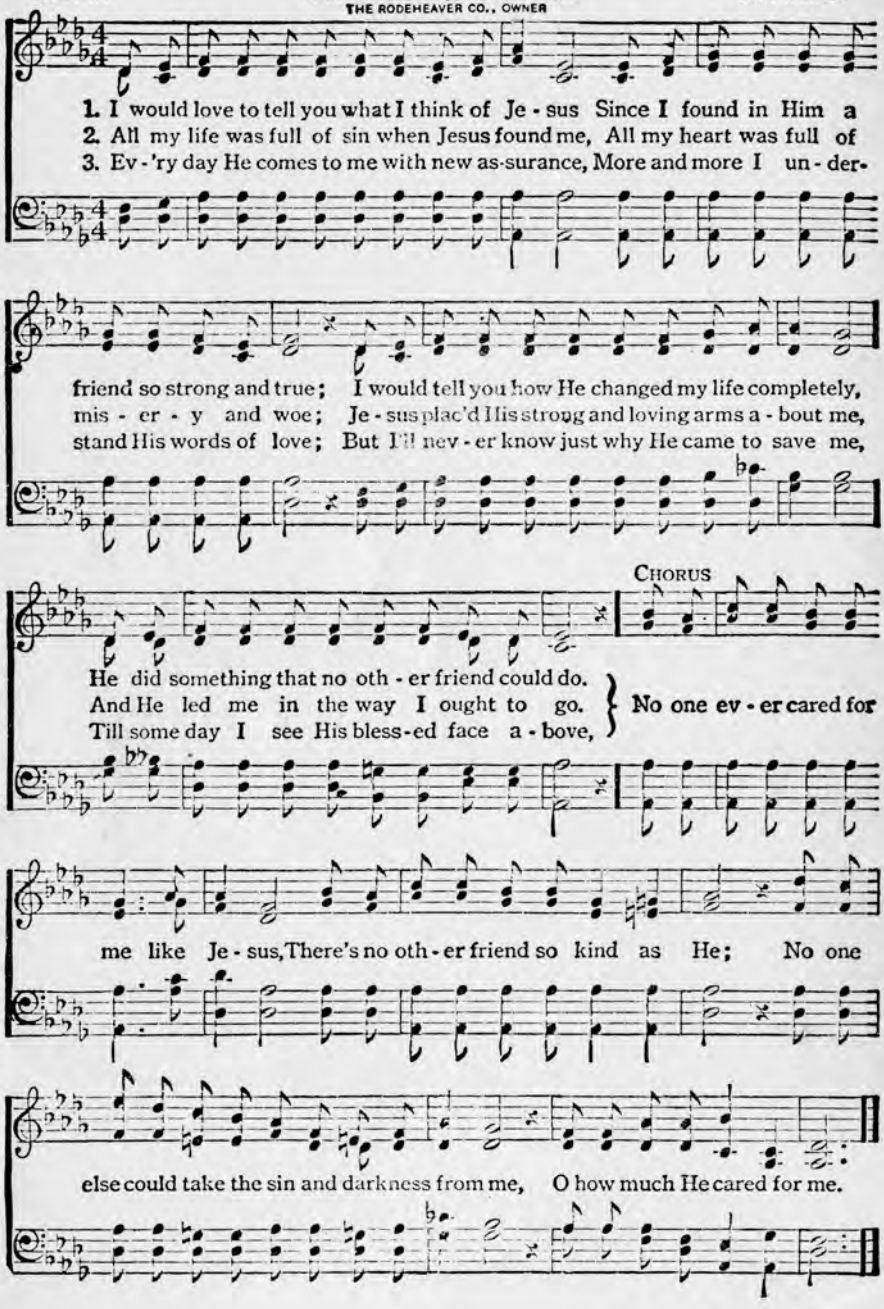
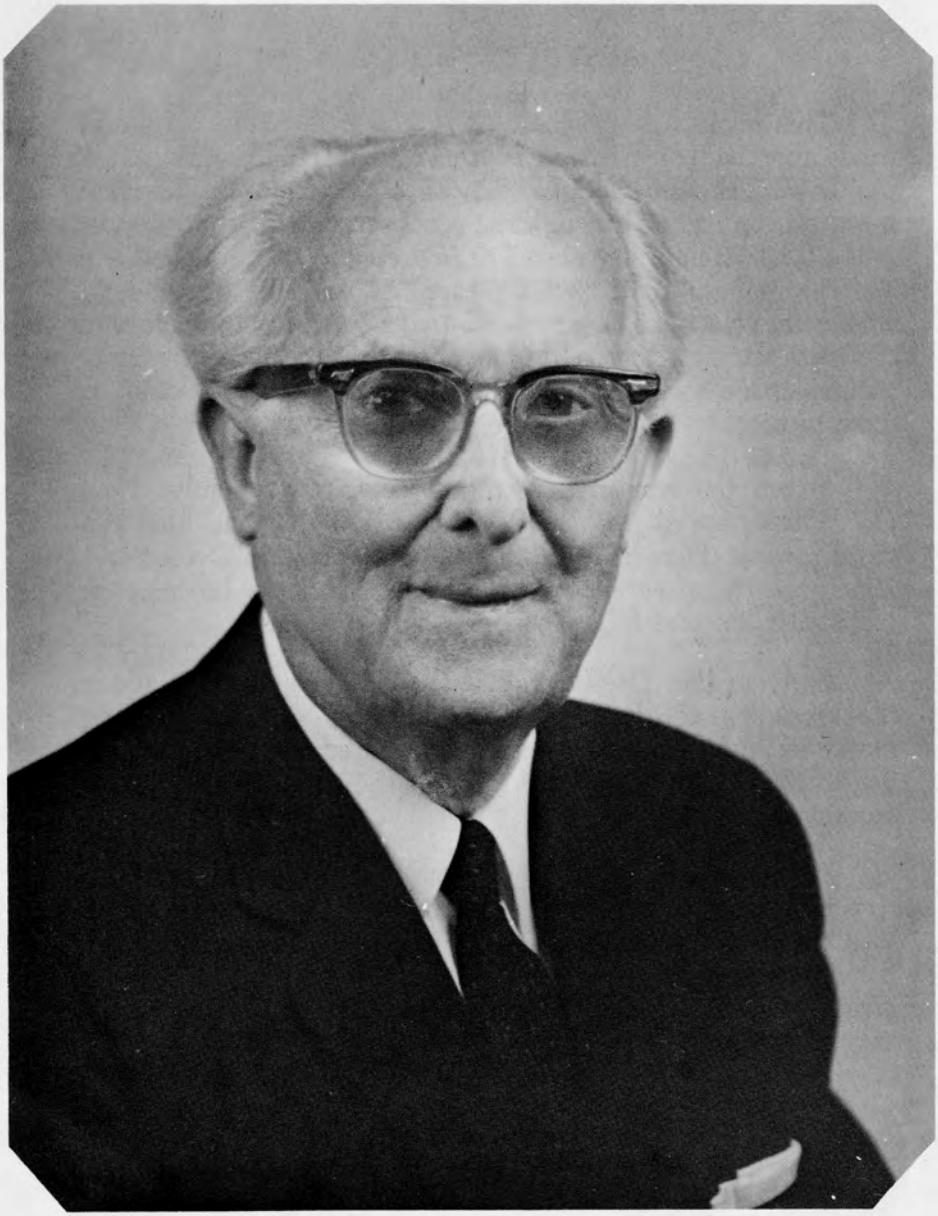
C. F. W. C. F. WEIGLE



Charles F. Weigle.

INTRODUCTION

This book was originally written in 1963 to help raise funds for the construction of the Charles F. Weigle Music Center at Tennessee Temple Schools, Chattanooga, Tennessee. It was presented as a gift to those people who made contributions to the fund-raising campaign. The first edition was a limited one, and the requests for copies far exceeded our ability to supply. That is the reason we have now released a second printing, leaving the copy just as it appeared in the original except for the cover, the dedication to the ministry of Camp Joy, and the addition of some pictures.

When the Music Center was completed in July, 1964, Dr. Weigle moved into the new apartment that had been provided for him. Here he lived until his homegoing on December 3, 1966, shortly after having celebrated his 95th birthday on November 20, and following some days of illness.

Early in life, Dr. Charles F. Weigle dedicated his life to the spreading of the Gospel through the medium of song. Hundreds of hymns and gospel songs poured from his heart and pen to bless God's people and to touch the hearts of the unsaved around the world.

For many years, Dr. Weigle had a desire to do something to train others for a career in sacred music. Having had a great love in his heart for the young people at Tennessee Temple Schools, where he had made his home in recent years, and a great admiration for Dr. Lee Roberson and his ministry, he gave all of his earthly goods to the institution to assist in the development of a music center for the training of Christian youth.

Dr. Weigle wrote his last song, "I Live In The Outskirts Of Heaven," in November of 1963. He had preached a message in the chapel service of Tennessee Temple Schools in which he made the statement, "in the outskirts of heaven." Dr. Roberson was impressed with the statement, and he suggested to Dr. Weigle publicly that it would make a good title for a song. That same day, Brother Weigle began writing; and the song was completed and presented by him a few days later. We have added the song to this collection of his songs.

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LIFE STORY
CHARLES FREDERICK WEIGLE

On the banks of the Wabash River stands the prosperous mid-western city of LaFayette, Indiana, county seat of Tippecanoe County, and hometown of Purdue University. When Purdue was a young, growing school just two years old, Charles Frederick Weigle was born, November 20, 1871, into the family of a God-fearing German baker and his devoted wife.

The Weigle family was composed of twelve members, five boys and seven girls; it was a typical German family. As a boy, young Charles Weigle was accustomed to hearing his father pray; and Bible reading was observed at family worship every morning immediately following breakfast. Because his father was German, he insisted that the children learn the German language. Young Charles was sent to a Lutheran parochial school, where he studied his father's native tongue three years until he could read and write as well as speak it fluently.

He loved books and went to any end to get them and read them. He spent many hours reading in the public library. After the doors were closed, he brought many of the books home. His favorite books were those connected with travel and people. From this reading he developed a great love for the stories of inventors, pioneers, and stories of the Indian Wars. He further studied and read about the Revolutionary War and its leaders. He was especially fond of George Washington, "the father of our country." The ever popular *Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe,* and the *Swiss Family Robinson* were added to this fast expanding list. These great works did something for him. They broadened his desire for knowledge; they taught him to live an honest and truthful life; and no doubt set the stage of his life for his future evangelistic work that was to carry him many times across the continent.

Charles Weigle was converted at the age of twelve after being under conviction for quite some time. The Methodist Church of LaFayette was having a series of revival meetings in a little frame church where his parents attended. A great

number of his friends and playmates came under conviction and were going forward during the progress of the meeting. This made an indelible impression upon young Charles Weigle, even though he resisted longer than most of the others. Then one night a strong, over-powering realization that he was lost came over him.

The testimony of his conversion is as follows: "I was born and reared in a Christian home. Every member of our family attended church services and went to Sunday School. We had family worship in the home every morning. I suppose I was about as good as the average boy of my age. I had a bad temper, however; and by the time I was twelve years of age, I was fighting with my brothers and the neighbor boys. While having trouble with an older brother, I cut him with a knife very seriously. I knocked a neighbor boy down with a ball bat because he didn't play to suit me. On another occasion, while ringing a heavy dinner bell in a political parade one night, a young fellow who did not like the crowd I was marching with ordered me to put down the bell; and I brought it down on top of his head, and they carried him home to recuperate. My parents punished me severely for these misdeeds and warned me to stop fighting lest I be arrested and sent to prison, but I paid little attention to them.

"There came a day when I was arrested for my misdeeds and taken to court. As I sat alone and saw the crowd in the room waiting to see what the judge would do with me, I realized the seriousness of the situation. It appeared as if I were doomed to go to prison, for I was guilty. When the judge came in and took his place behind the bench, he

Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Weigle On His Eighty-seventh Birthday

DR. WEIGLE and JEANNIE HUNTON
Taken at the Home of Friends, Dr. and Mrs. Richard E. Hunton, of Greenwood, South Carolina

looked down at my shrinking form and said with a voice that sounded like the knell of doom to me, 'Young man, have you an attorney?' I said, 'No, Sir, I haven't got anybody.' He looked over the court room and then motioned to a handsome young man to come forward, and said to him, 'You will kindly act as his attorney.' That handsome young lawyer came and sat down beside me and took charge of my case.

"One thing that brought a little hope to my heart was the attitude of my attorney. He sat close to me and spoke to me with a voice that was full of tender sympathy. I felt that he was my friend and that he cared for me and wanted to help me. When I told him of all the mean things I had been doing and for which I had been arrested, he assured me that he would help me. All I had to do was to tell the truth and leave the rest with him. That seemed to relieve my mind somewhat.

"After the trial began, however, and one witness after another testified against me, I began to lose hope. One of them said I knocked him down with a ball bat and almost

killed him. My attorney said to me, 'Did you do that?' I said, 'Yes, Sir.' The next witness accused me of having seriously injured him with a heavy dinner bell, and my attorney again said, 'Did you do that?' I said, 'Yes, Sir.' My own brother came to witness against me, declaring that I had used a knife on him and had almost taken his life. My attorney turned to me and asked, 'Have you been guilty of all these acts?' and I said, 'Yes, Sir, and a lot of other things they don't know about.' He tried to relieve my fears by saying, 'Trust me—I'll help you.'

"Finally, the prosecuting attorney rose up and, speaking to the judge, said, "Your Honor, according to the evidence brought by these witnesses, the defendant is guilty of all charges brought against him. He is a potential murderer and a menace to this community, and we ask that he be placed in prison for a long duration of time.' Then my heart sank within me and I said to myself, 'There is no hope for me.'

"When my attorney arose to speak in my defense, I wondered what he could do for me. Looking at the judge, he said, 'Father.' That one word brought hope for me. Looking at his father, the judge, he said, 'Father, the defendant pleads guilty to every charge brought against him. He asks for mercy; and, as his attorney, I plead for him. I believe that if the court will grant my plea, this young man will live a new and a better life.'

"I saw the judge rise to his feet as my attorney spoke. There was a look of love and kindness as he said, 'But, my son, if the defendent is guilty, there is a fine, a penalty, that must be paid, according to the law.'

" 'I'll take care of that and suffer the penalty,' said my attorney. And then, to my joy and amazement, the judge said, 'It is the decision of the court that, in response to the plea made by the attorney for the defendant, he be pardoned and set at liberty, with the understanding that he show by his manner of life a due respect for the law and a kindness toward his neighbors.'

"I was free! My heart was filled with joy as I clasped the hand of my attorney and, with moist eyes, tried to express

my gratitude. He placed his arms about me and, in a voice that sounded like the music of an angel's harp, he said, 'You and I will be friends forever. We'll be brothers; and whenever you need any help, you may come to me and I'll help you.' Since that day, he has never forgotten me. We've been as close as brothers can be down through the years.

"Let me explain to you the fact that the court house where I had this wonderful experience was a little frame church. It was during the progress of a revival, where the great truths of the Bible were being preached. One night, as I sat on a rear seat, the Holy Spirit, the High Sheriff of Heaven, arrested me and led me to the front in sight of all the people present. I was convicted and condemned, and confessed my guilt to Almighty God. There seemed no hope for me. My sins towered up before me. Then Jesus came and quieted my fears. He paid the penalty for all my sins and guilt. He pleaded my case in the high court of heaven and won my pardon. When this great truth dawned upon my mind, my heart was filled with gratitude and praise. There came a great love into my heart for my Saviour. That love has grown until He has the chief place in my life. Some day I expect to see Him face to face. That will be heaven for me.

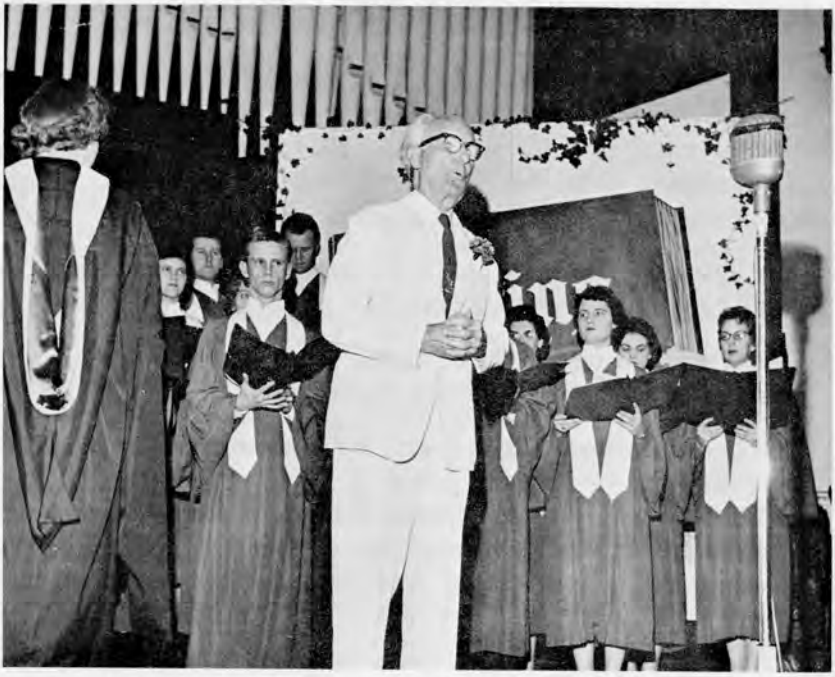
"We sing at times, 'What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear.' You will find this to be a reality when you put your trust in Him as your Saviour. He came into the world to save us from our sins and to bring peace and joy into our lives. He is the Friend you need."

After this experience, he began to read the Bible, in which he became very interested. In its pages he found the proper attitudes toward life, and this put an end to his fighting. The people, as they watched him grow daily, all remarked what a great change had come over him since he had accepted the Lord.

Following a period of financial reverses, the Weigle family moved to Newport, Kentucky. Charles Weigle was still a lad of high school age, and this moving proved a thrilling one to him as he saw many new things and many new places.

The economic condition of his family failed to improve, and he was forced to begin work at the age of seventeen as a toolmaker in the Dueber Watchcase Factory there in Newport. There was a feeling of unrest in his life which led him to Waltham, Massachusetts, where he worked for a year in the Waltham Watch Factory; but still the old unsettled feeling followed, and this led him back to his home in Kentucky.

He had a keen interest in music, which resulted in his enrolling in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Here he received the greater part of his voice training that was to greatly assist him later in his evangelistic ministry. At this time, he had a great ambition to be a baritone soloist. However, this ambition was not strong enough to sidetrack his interest in spiritual things. One incident after another was inevitably leading him to the life of a preacher and evangelist.



Dr. Weigle and a Group of Tennessee Temple Students With Whom He Loves to Sing

One great influence which led to full-time Christian service was his work on a gospel wagon in Cincinnati, Ohio. A group of young Christians would gather and ride down the streets in the afternoon and evening. A trumpeter would sound the notes of a great challenging hymn, which was followed by a male quartet. After a crowd had been called by the trumpeter and the quartet's singing, the wagon would stop at the next corner and park for a preaching service. It was a thrilling sight to see as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred people gathered to one of these services, and it was an even greater thrill to the young evangelistic group to see hundreds of hands raised for prayer.

Besides these experiences on the gospel wagon, Charles Weigle and his brothers opened a chapel on the back side of town and began a mission Sunday School. The people around were glad to let them have the services there, and the Sunday School met with great success. Mr. Weigle was put in charge of the Primary Department, which was always one of the liveliest classes in the Sunday School.

It was during these days of the mission work in Cincinnati that the call to preach came so forcefully upon Charles Weigle that he was unable to put it aside. By this time, he had grown in grace and a great passion for souls was gripping him, a passion too strong for just a part-time service.

One day the pastor said to him, "Charlie, I believe God is calling you into the ministry."

But he answered, "I don't see it that way. I have a good position, and I'm doing a great deal of work in the church."

Shortly afterwards, a friend by the name of David Bacon came to see him and asked him if he would go and assist in soul winning and singing in some meetings a great distance away from the church. This brought on a period of indecision; and he said, "If I get started into full-time gospel work, that would mean giving up my job." The friend said, "What's wrong with that?"

He was only in two meetings with Mr. Bacon until he was preaching himself.

This led to a new problem. Doors were opening, and Mr. Weigle was trying to hold meetings with only six sermons.

The evangelistic field presented a new phase in the life of Mr. Weigle, but one which held no fears. From the very outset of his ministry, evangelistic work was attractive to him. The depth of his preaching, which was already being revealed, came from his insight into the lives of great preachers; and his ability to preach was derived largely from a close analysis and study of their sermons. His main source of study and inspiration was the Bible.

Dr. Lee Roberson and Dr. Charles Weigle

He saw the beginning of revival spirit as it began to flame again out of the ashes of the old spiritual awakening. It was not long until calls were coming from several directions; and in each instance, God blessed with gracious revivals. Many people came to know the Saviour through the zeal of his preaching, and a vast number of Christians were stirred by the power of his message.

It so happened that Mr. Weigle had preached on several occasions to a group of Quakers in Ohio. There was seemingly no serious loss of convictions, so he assisted them in a series of meetings which carried him throughout many sections of the country. Shortly after 1901, he served as pastor of a congregation of Friends in Pasadena, California.

He ministered a great deal to this group until he joined a Baptist church in Sebring, Florida, in 1933. His decision to become a Baptist was the result of a long period of searching the Scriptures and observing and comparing their methods with other denominations.

In 1915, Mr. Weigle moved to Sebring, Florida, where he continued to maintain a home until recently, when he permanently moved his residence to Chattanooga, Tennessee. It was shortly after moving to Florida that he launched out into the union campaigns which were effective mediums of stirring the United States in the early part of the century.

Some of Mr. Weigle's most successful meetings were held in St. Petersburg, Florida. The first one was held in the First Avenue Methodist Church. The crowds became so large that they were compelled to hold two services on Sunday mornings, one at 9:15 and the other at 11:00. The church only seated 1,200; and it was filled twice, making 2,400 altogether on Sunday mornings.

He was called back later to conduct meetings in the Southern Methodist Church near the city park in the center of the city. The crowds were so great that they could not be seated. They moved to the Central Presbyterian Church, one block away.

The revival was to continue through Armistice Day, and it happened that the American Legion decided to have a street dance on Armistice Day evening. They planned to make it a big event. Mr. Weigle, knowing this, announced that he would preach on the dance in the Presbyterian Church that very evening. The editor of the daily newspaper told the mayor of the city that Mr. Weigle was going to preach on dancing that night. The mayor said, "Well, if Mr. Weigle wants to do that, he can come and preach it down where the dance is. We will stop the band and he can preach from the platform." The editor called Mr. Weigle immediately and asked him if he would be willing to do this. He said, "I'll be delighted."

It turned out that neither the dance nor the sermon was given. The mayor called the editor of the paper and revealed that the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion had requested that there be no street dance that night.

Following this incident, the crowds increased so that on the next Sunday afternoon a meeting was held in the city park,

where Mr. Weigle preached from the band shell to five thousand people. God had given another glorious meeting in St. Petersburg.

While in the Ocean Grove meeting in 1926, Charles Weigle was called upon to speak in one of the large tabernacles. After the service, he met Dorsey N. Miller, a Methodist preacher who was pastor of a large church in Lewistown, Pennsylvania. He and his wife invited Mr. Weigle, who was to travel west from Ocean Grove, to be their guest for a few days. He accepted their invitation; and, while there, he spoke in their prayer meeting. The church was so pleased that they asked him to come back and conduct a series of meetings. A year later, he was back in Lewistown to fill the invitation, preaching in a combined meeting of two churches, the Methodist and the First Presbyterian Church, which were about two blocks apart. These meetings drew such crowds that some nights even though the auditorium had a capacity of about 2,100 people, it was filled and overflowing. God gave them a very gracious revival that reached out over the city and resulted in about five hundred conversions.

First and foremost, Mr. Weigle had a deep-seated passion for souls. From the beginning of his Christian career as a layman to the present day, just past his ninety-first birthday, he is still searching for the lost sheep in the world where he lives.

This characteristic perhaps comes in part from his love of the Word. Throughout his ministry, he sustained a reputation for being a "strong preacher of the Word." His love for people and the Word is shown in three prominent characteristics of his ministry, namely his exaltation of the Saviour, glorification of the church, and his denunciation of sin.

Another outstanding quality that assisted Mr. Weigle in bringing many hundreds to Christ was his ability to "draw the net." His forceful type of preaching was crowned with success at the altar. He knew how to lead men forward to repentance.

Nature, too, had chosen him as one of her favorite sons, for he had other great qualities—clear, logical mental powers

for weighing situations and the deep insights needed for a sane approach to the pulpit. To these may be added a good voice and a good personality.

He was also a master of pulpit eloquence, not a superficial but a real eloquence that is filled with a combination of intense conviction of a present and abiding God, brought to the world in the person of Jesus.

Two other qualities so often overlooked are possibly the source of his magnetic personality, which colored his whole ministry: he was a consecrated preacher and a dignified gentleman.

Music has always been a part of Mr. Weigle's life. His first lessons in music came after his family had moved from Indiana to Kentucky. There he sang in a choir with two of his brothers. On Sunday evenings, the five boys of the Weigle family combined their voices with their father's, forming the Weigle Sextette, singing gospel songs. The only formal training came during the two-year period which he spent in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

It was during the years of Mr. Weigle's ministry in the evangelistic field that he turned to hymn writing. The first song he wrote was, "I Am Glad I Came Home." This occurred while he was conducting revival meetings at Murphysville, Kentucky.

One night he had a dream, in which he dreamed this song—title, words, music, and all—and he even dreamed that he sang it in his sleep. The reality of it awakened him, and it was so vivid in his mind that he went over to the piano and played this new tune. It was later published along with a number of other new songs.

One of his first songs was "Living For Jesus," in which the lyric almost tells the story of the song itself. In the early days of his evangelistic career, some of his relatives, especially those of his wife's family, tried to persuade him to give up his evangelistic meetings and stay at home. However, the doors were open all over the country, and the attitude of his wife

and her relatives upset his plans greatly. It was a question what to do. He went to prayer and prayed through. The answer came—Go! It was during this crisis that Mr. Weigle wrote the song, "Living For Jesus."

Hundreds of other songs have come from the heart of Charles Weigle. A few of these include "A Garden Of Roses," "I Have Found A Hiding Place," "I'm Going To See Heaven Some Day," and "When I Come To The Edge Of Eternity." Two of his most recent songs are "Oh, What Glory!" and "The Sorrows of Hell."

Perhaps Mr. Weigle is best known for the song entitled, "No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus."

It is true that much of the world's best music and verse have been transposed from the sighs of disillusioned hearts, for such experiences affect creative lives as nothing else; and often from this disharmony, harmony is born.

Mr. Weigle is a graduate of the "school of sorrow," and only graduates of this school know the intensity of God's love for His wayward children. Those who hear him sing realize that he has been close to the disappointments of life as well as close to the heart of God. During his evangelistic ministry, there came a time of trial and testing. Tragedy had begun to undermine his home—tragedy that steals in slowly and wrecks men's dreams and destroys the hopes and ideals that have bloomed and shed their fragrance in the quiet moments of their joy and anticipation.

Later, however, there came a time of hopefulness. Mr. Weigle moved his family from California to Florida, in an attempt to strangle the monster that was devouring his happiness; but there the great temptation relentlessly followed and struck again, only deeper and deeper. One night during a mass meeting, Mr. Weigle and H. C. Morrison, the great Methodist preacher, were seated on the platform as guest speakers when a message was delivered to his hand—tragedy had struck again. Remorse and pain sprang into his soul at this. Having delivered his message, he left the platform and retired to his tenthouse, falling face downward upon the floor;

and as the tears began to flow, a great agony seized upon his heart as if it would wring the blood from it. Later, after the service was over, Mr. Morrison, realizing that something was wrong, came to the side of Mr. Weigle and fell lengthwise beside him on the floor and wept in kindred sorrow.

After a considerable length of time, they rose to their knees and cast their care upon the Lord. Putting his arm about the trembling shoulder of Mr. Weigle, Mr. Morrison said, "Charlie, you may not think you can bear this, but you will, for time is a great healer; and Jesus will bring you through." These words were a great comfort to Mr. Weigle's heart and bore him through that siege of sorrow.

In a few months, however, the inevitable hour came. One day while Mr. Weigle was home in Florida, Mrs. Weigle faced him and said, "I'm leaving, Charlie. I don't want to live the life you are living. I want to go the other way—to the bright lights." The only child, a daughter, gave consent to her mother's decision by accompanying her. That night, Mr. Weigle saw them off on a train, which was going to California.

He walked the streets all evening and then finally made his way to the end of the pier on Biscayne Bay. There he sat in lonely solitude till midnight, watching the tides go out and it seemed that their cold, wet fingers were pulling his very heart and soul with them.

Some eight months later, Mr. Weigle met his estranged wife on the streets of Los Angeles, where she boasted of her sins in cruel mockery, adding insult to injury. After this, Mr. Weigle saw that reconciliation was absolutely hopeless; and after much prayer and counsel with friends and fellow-laborers, he decided to test the decision he had been pondering in his heart for a long time.

A few years later, the bride of his youth died with a heart filled with remorse and pain, the reward of her fatal blunder. As she lay on her death bed, in the last reflective moments, her thoughts were turned back to the better days. She whispered to her daughter, who alone was by her side. "If you

know where your father is, please ask him to pray for me, and see if God can forgive such a sinner as I."

Many times after this tragic occurrence, the memory of the past experience came to mind again and again. God gave him victory over despondency that leads to the depths of despair; and there was never any hatred or bitterness in his heart for what had happened, only pity.

After about five years, he began to write songs again; and one evening, just at sunset, as he was sitting at the piano in the living room at home with no thought of writing a new song, his fingers began to play idly over the keys of the piano. As his mind drifted back over the past years, there came thoughts of God's goodness and sustaining grace that saw him through those dark days. Suddenly, words sprang to his lips: "No one ever cared for me like Jesus." The thought of God's care brought tears to his eyes, and the words repeated themselves over and over. As his fingers fell upon the keys, they were resting in the proper place to synchronize this new melody with the words. The words continued to flow uninterrupted, and the melody followed the same way until the chorus was completed. He played it over again and again; and, reaching for a pen and paper, the first words to this great song were written. After the chorus, the verses came to him as if he were reciting them to someone in the room. The words of the verse flowed on and on; and in thirty minutes, the entire song was completed, word for word, note for note, which is unusual in song writing.

He transferred it to the regular manuscript paper and had it ready for the publishers within a week. The first prints were returned just as he was about to leave for Indianapolis to attend the annual conference of evangelists in the Cadle Tabernacle. The first night of that convention, he was sitting on the platform with a number of gospel singers of national reputation. There were over eight thousand people in the audience. Mr. Homer Rodehaver was directing the music when a peculiar thing happened. He suddenly turned and looked toward Mr. Weigle and said, "Mr. Weigle, come to the 'mike' and sing a verse of something for us." As he arose

to his feet, all he could think of were the sheets of music in his pocket. He gave one to the organist, and faced the large audience, singing one verse and the chorus; and he was amazed at the effect it had on them in such a short time. Many people were in tears. When he returned to his seat, he was stopped by three evangelistic singers, who deliberately took every copy of the music he had. One excitedly said, "Weigle, this is the song we have been looking for"; and those three men began to broadcast "No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus" from ocean to ocean. This was in 1932. Since that time, it has gone around the world and has been published in some thirty different languages.

This song has been sung more than any other of the great number written by Mr. Weigle, and has been used of God to draw many to Himself.

On March 1, 1962, the second Mrs. Charles Weigle went to be with the Lord after a brief illness at Sebring, Florida.

The life of Charles Weigle is a strong testimony to the keeping power of God. In spite of his past sorrows and disappointments, the years have smiled upon him and each one has drawn him closer to God. Time has left no rancors in his cup of joy. His spirit has not fallen into the sear and yellow leaf. He is still the gracious gentleman of the evangelistic days and a lover of men's souls. There is a spirit about him that lodges in one's heart, and it cannot be dismissed with ease.

At the invitation of Dr. Lee Roberson in 1951, Dr. Weigle came to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Later, he moved into the "Prophet's Chamber" on the campus of Tennessee Temple Schools; and this is now his permanent residence.

From the day that Dr. Charles Weigle came to Tennessee Temple Schools, he has been a blessing and inspiration to the hundreds of students who have attended the Schools.

Dr. Weigle will have an apartment in the new Charles F. Weigle Music Center when the building is completed.

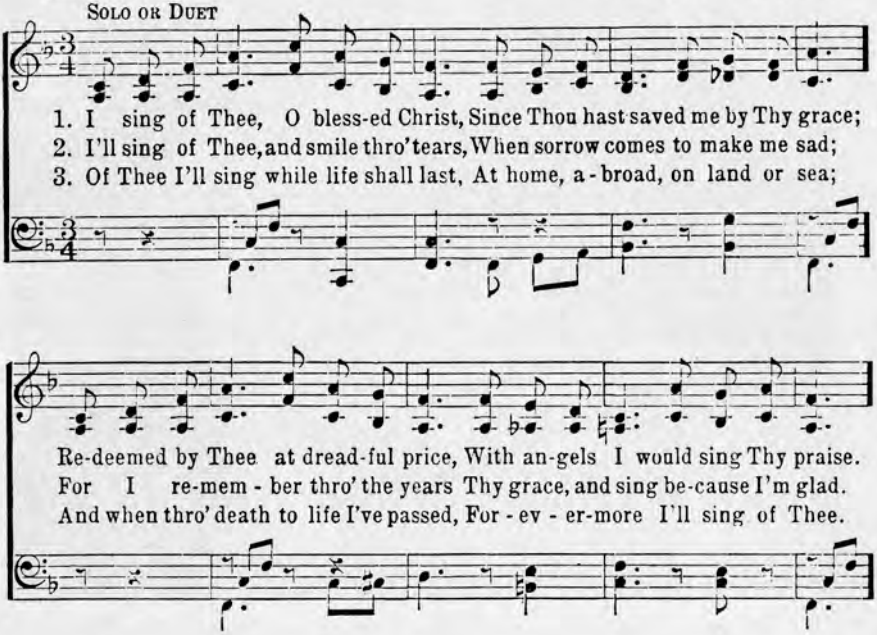
Dr. Weigle Celebrated His Ninety-First Birthday in a Hospital With Friends Dr. J. R. Faulkner, Mr. Bill Arey, and Dr. Cliff Robinson Looking On.

Charles F. Weigle Music Center Dedicated July 1964

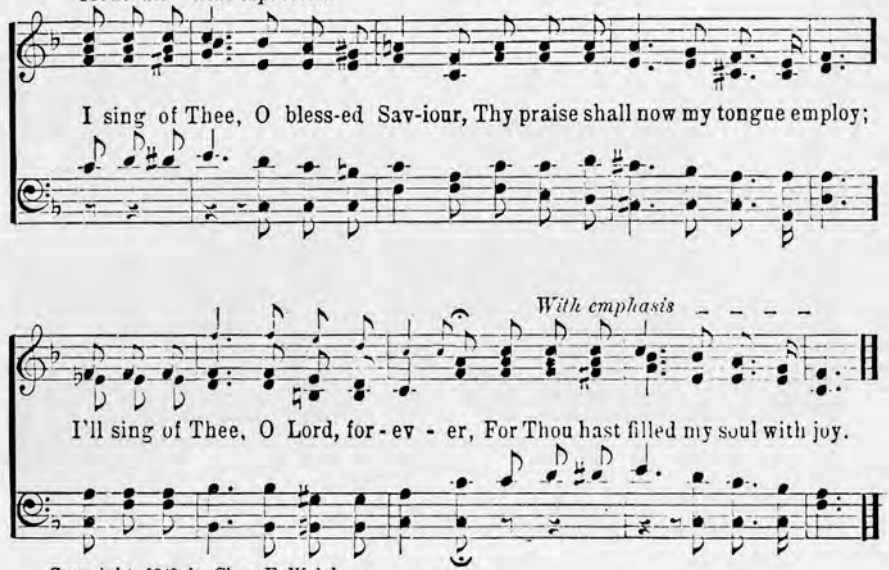
I Sing of Thee

Chas. F. Weigle — Gladys Blanchard Muller

SOLO OR DUET



CHORUS

Moderato—with expression

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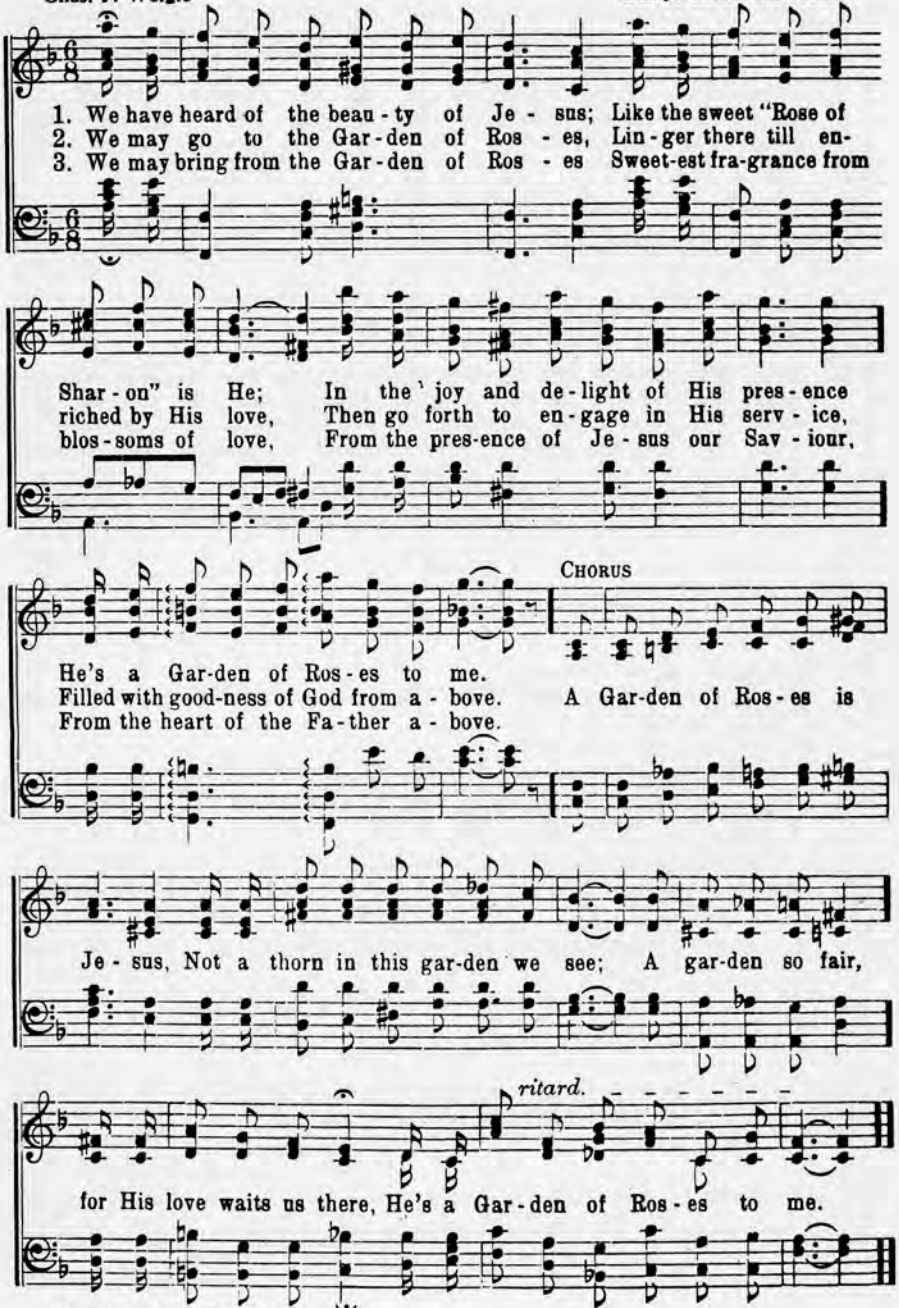
A Garden of Roses

Chas. F. Weigle — Gladys Blanchard Muller

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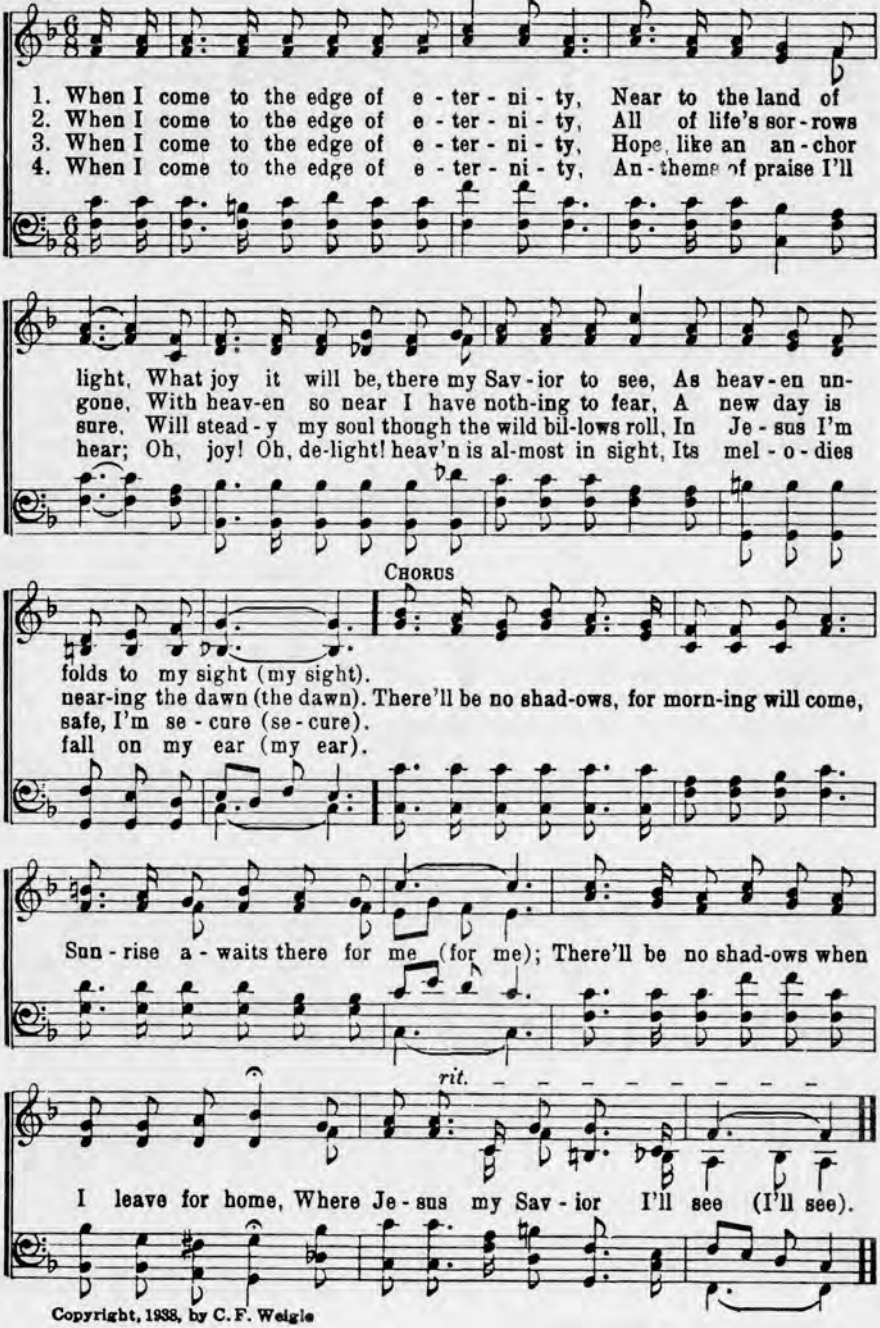
When I Come to the Edge of Eternity

C. F. W. C. F. Weigle

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There's a Light Now Shining On Me

C. F. W. Chas. F. Weigle

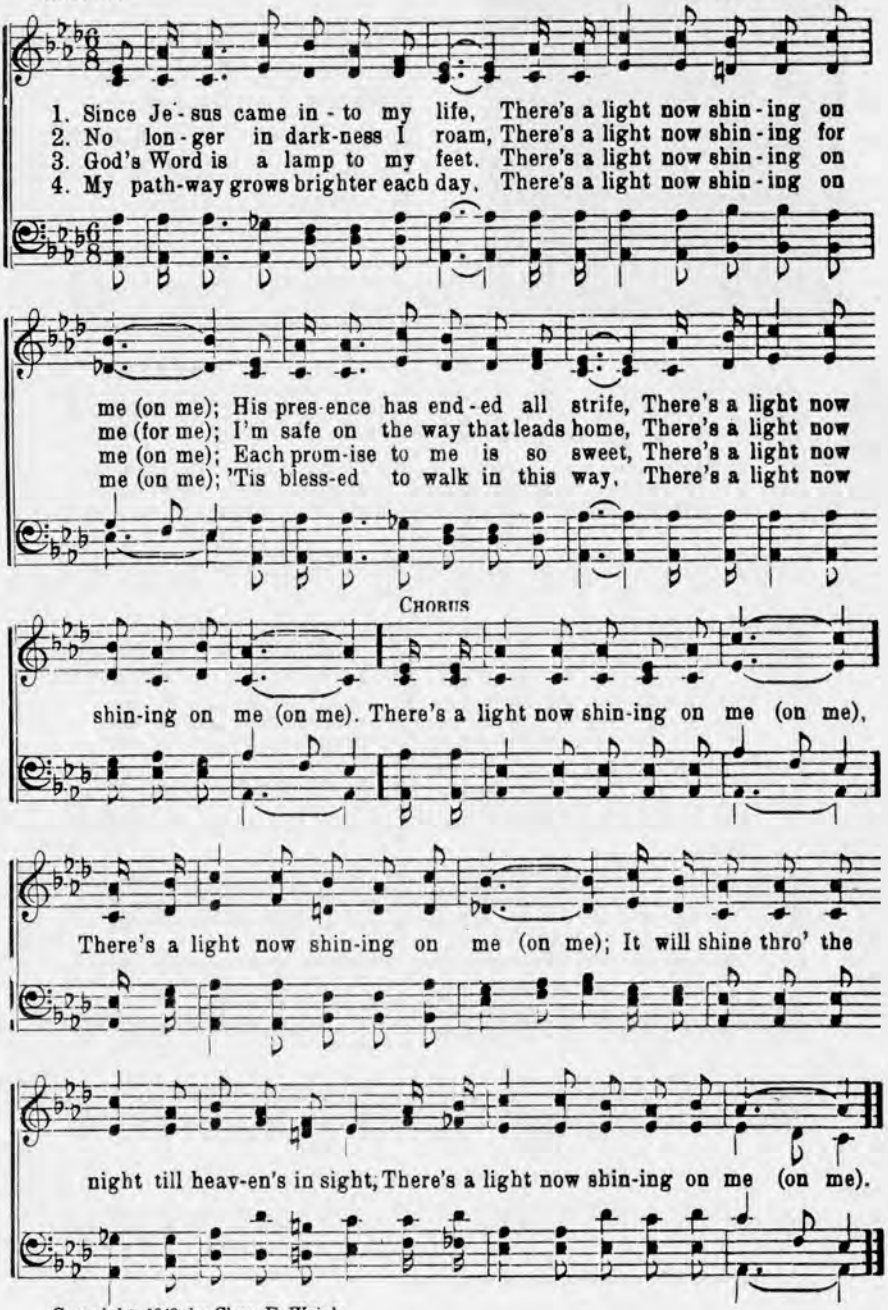

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Photo of Dr. Weigle Taken November 7, 1966, Before His Homegoing on December 3, 1966

GOD CHANGETH NOT

Presented on the Occasion of Dr. Charles Weigle's 88th Birthday Celebration in the Sunday School of the Highland Park Baptist Church, November 22, 1959

C. F. W. Chas. F. Weigle

1. God chang-eth not; like His dear name His love and care re-main the same.
2. Tho' days be dark, be not dis - trest, Trust in the Lord, He'll give thee rest;
3. Come grief, or time of bit - ter woe, There's One to whom we all may go;

Trust Him to - day, and thou shalt see He chang-eth not, He cares for thee.
Seek Him to - day, He'll set thee free, God chang-eth not, He cares for thee.
Let come what may, trust Him and say,-"God chang-es not, He cares for me."

CHORUS

He feeds the birds; He grows the grain; He sends the sun-shine and the rain.

So, do not doubt, nor an - xious be, God chang-eth not, He cares for thee.

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Every Day for Jesus

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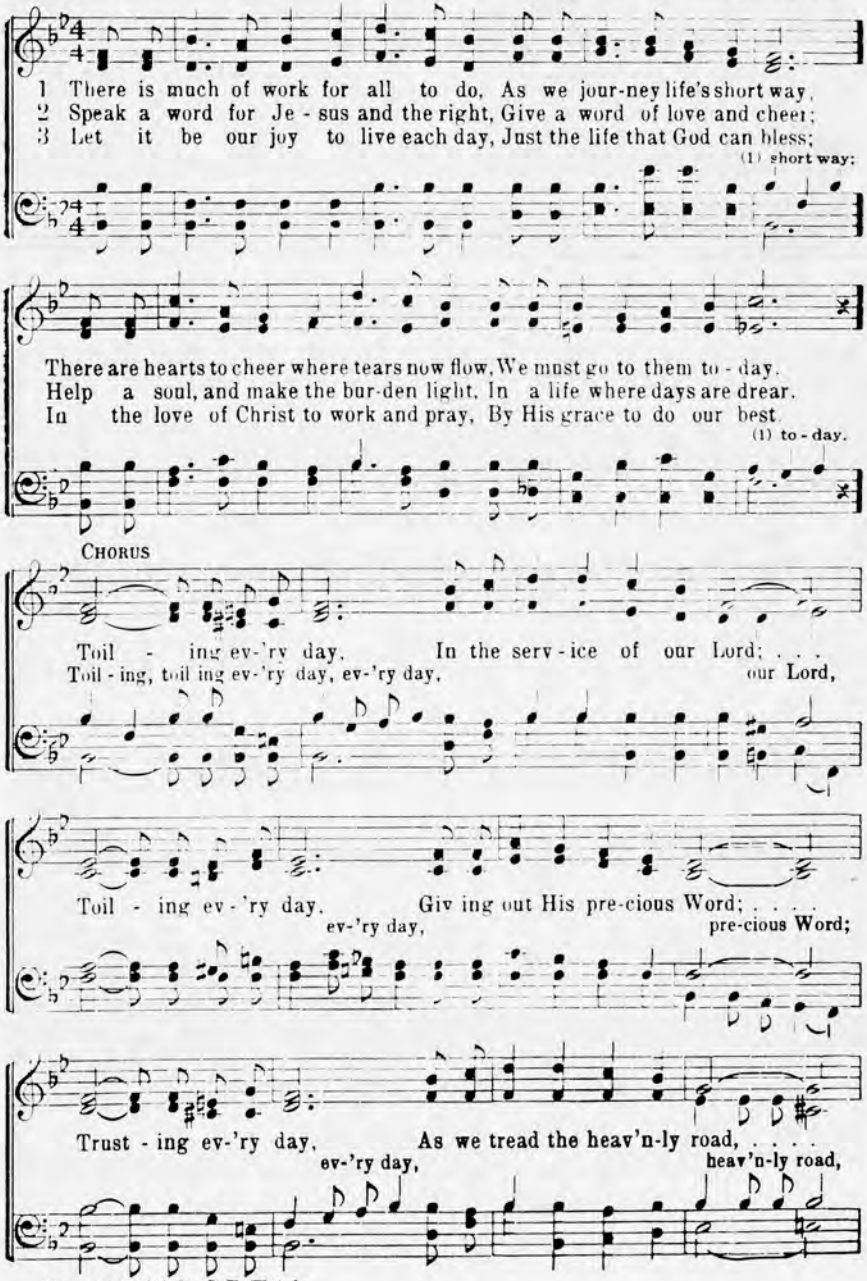
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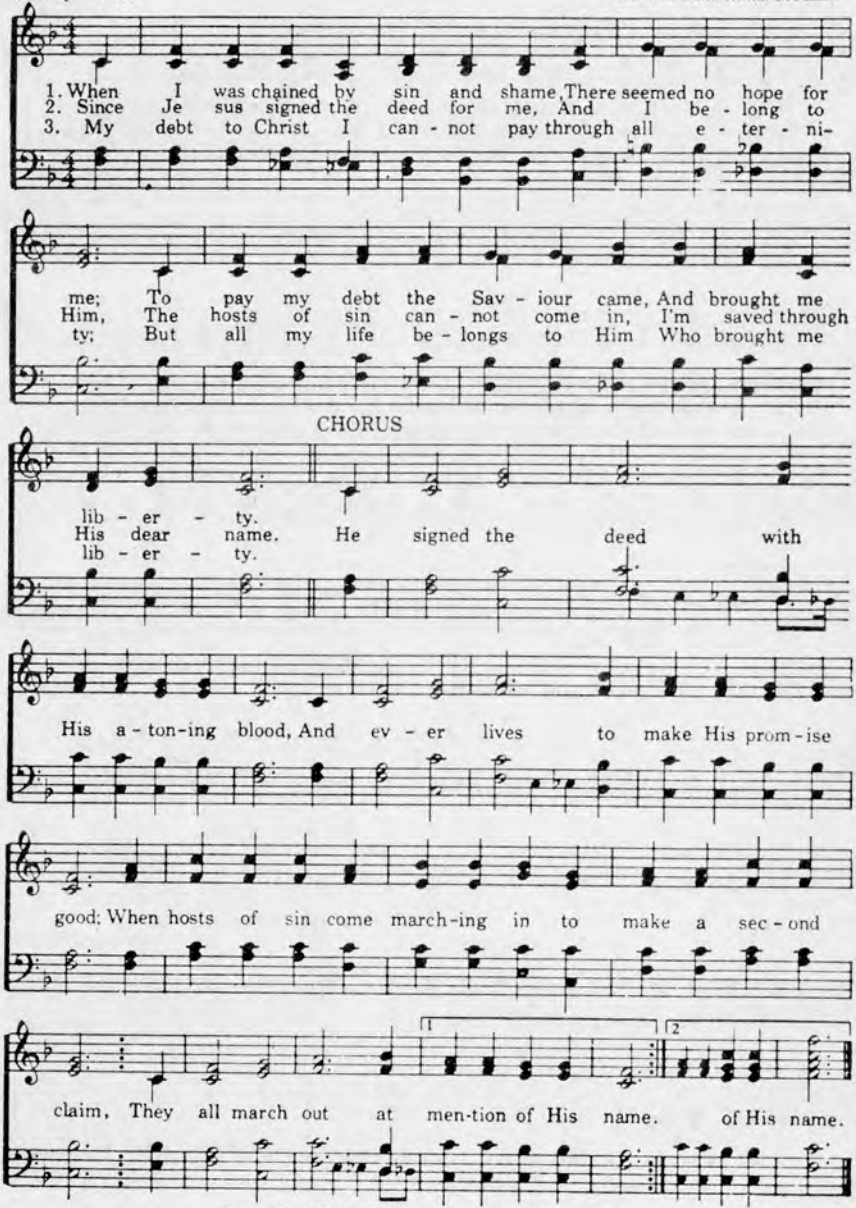
He Signed the Deed

Arr. by C.F.W. GLADYS BLANCHARD MULLER

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Lead Me, Dear Saviour

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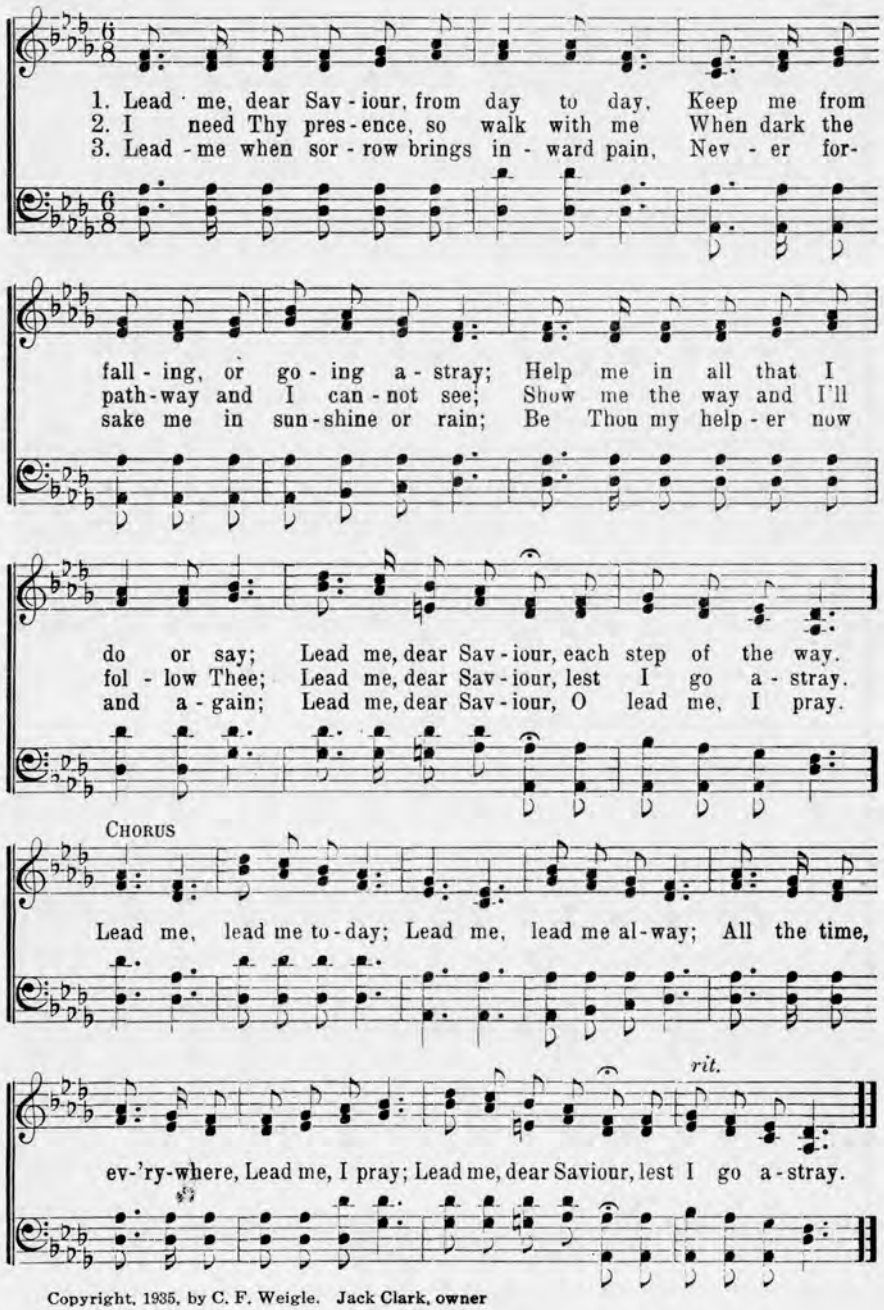
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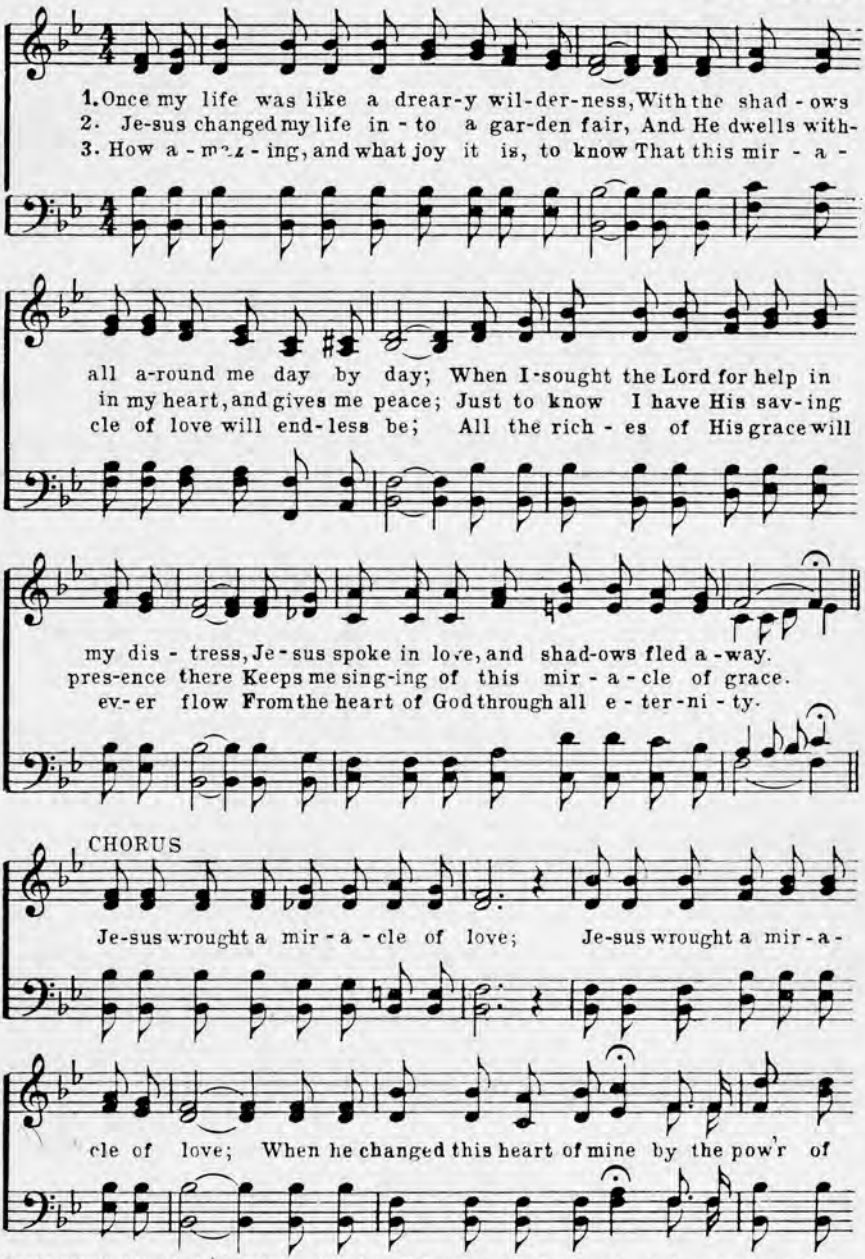
A Miracle of Love

C.W. CHAS. WEIGLE

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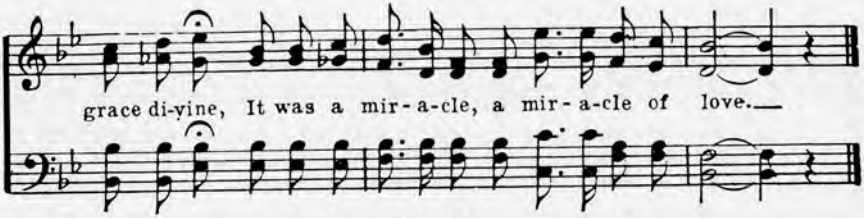
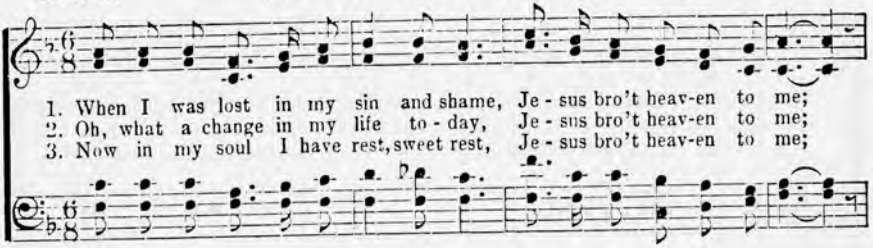
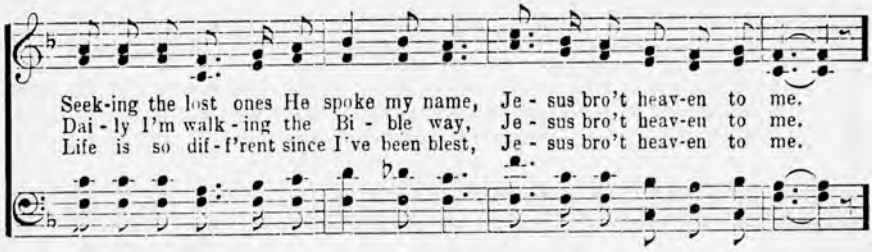
A Miracle of Love

Jesus Brought Heaven to Me

C. F. W. *(Inscribed to my friend, "Lucky Baldwin")* Chas. F. Weigle



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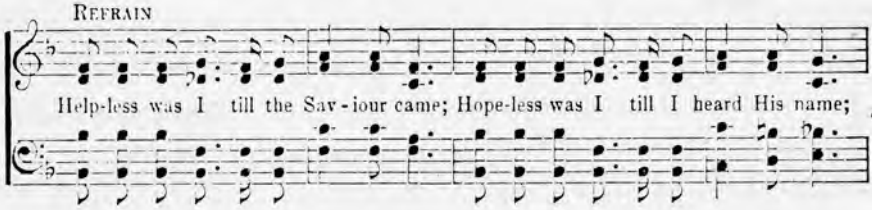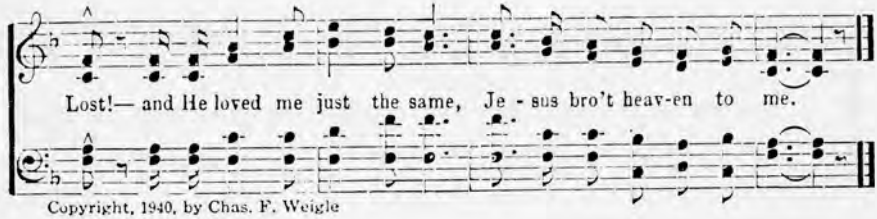

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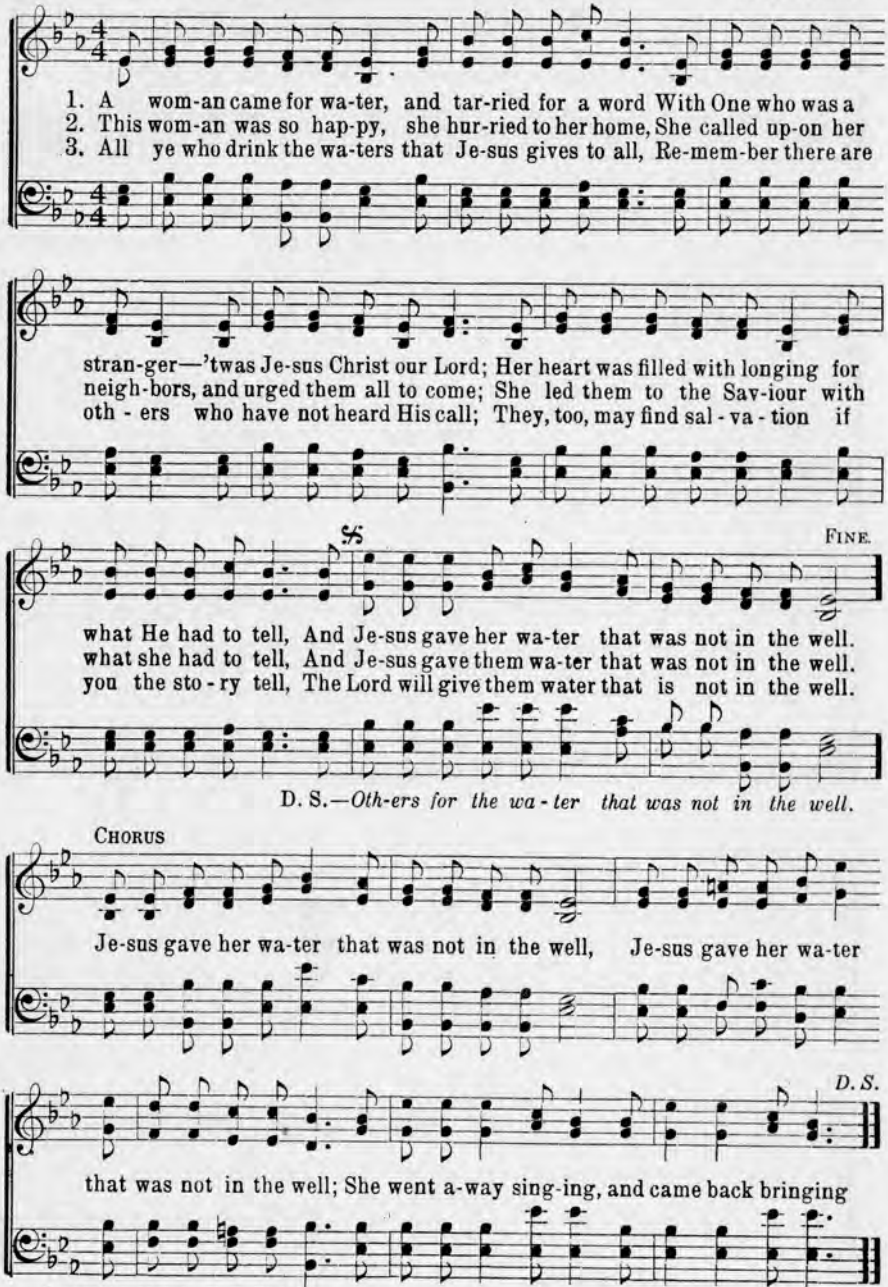
Jesus Gave Her Water

Verses by C. F. Weigle — C. F. Weigle

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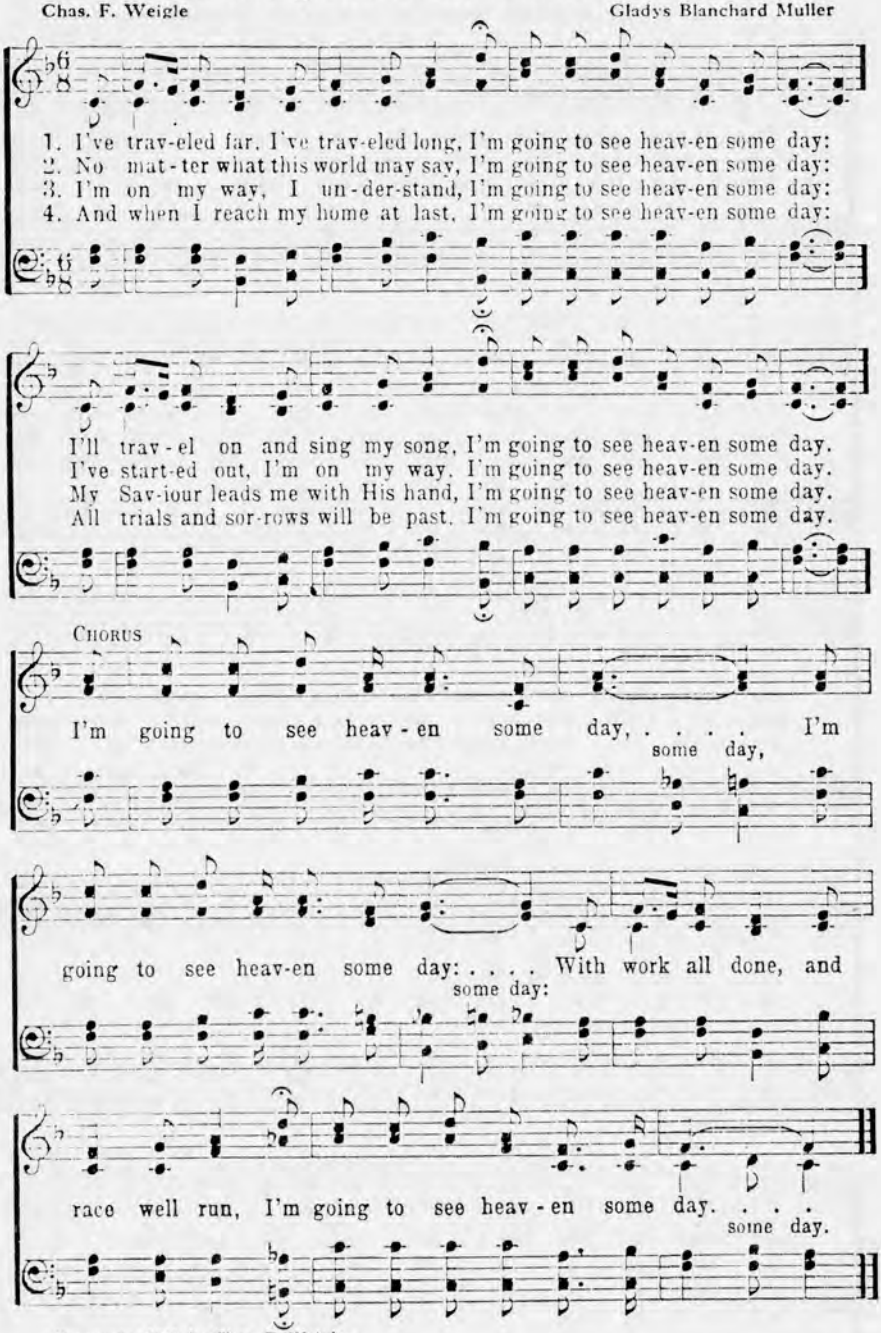
I'm Going to See Heaven Some Day

Chas. F. Weigle — Gladys Blanchard Muller

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There's Room In His Heart For All

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C. F. W. C. F. Weigle

1. When Christ came from Heav - en to dwell a - mong men,
2. Our won - der - ful Sav - iour has room in His heart
3. What com - fort to know that our Sav - iour di - vine,

Re - gard - less of what might be - fall. He came with com-
For ev - ery lost sin - ner to - day; His love and His
Will save all who on Him may call; He speaks with as-

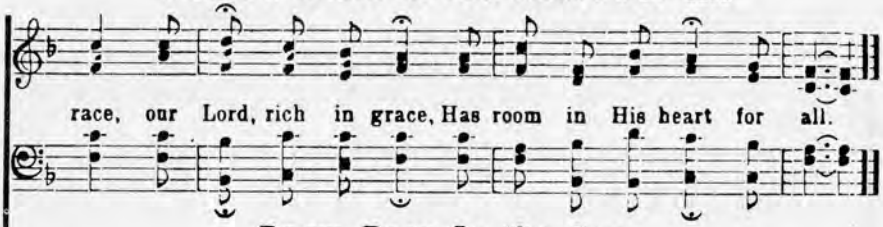
pas - sion for sin - ners un - clean. With room in His
mer - cy He'll free - ly im - part, He will not turn
sur - rance in lan - guage sub - lime, There's room in His

CHORUS

heart for all.
an - y a - way. There's room in His heart for all;
heart for all.

There's room in His heart for all; Re - gard - less of

There's Room In His Heart For All



Down Deep In the Sea

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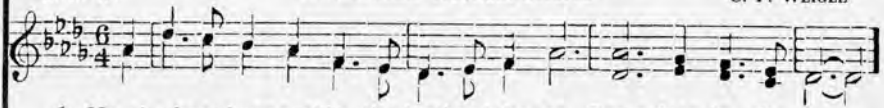
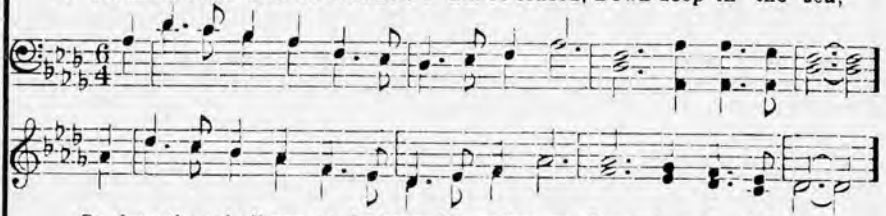
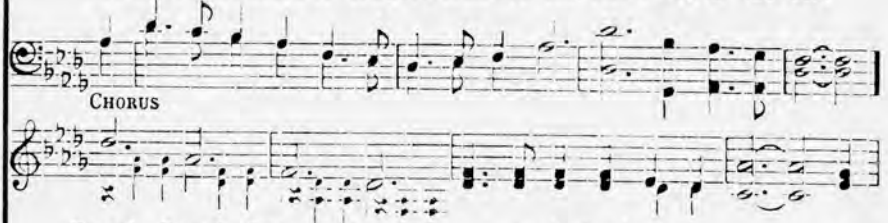
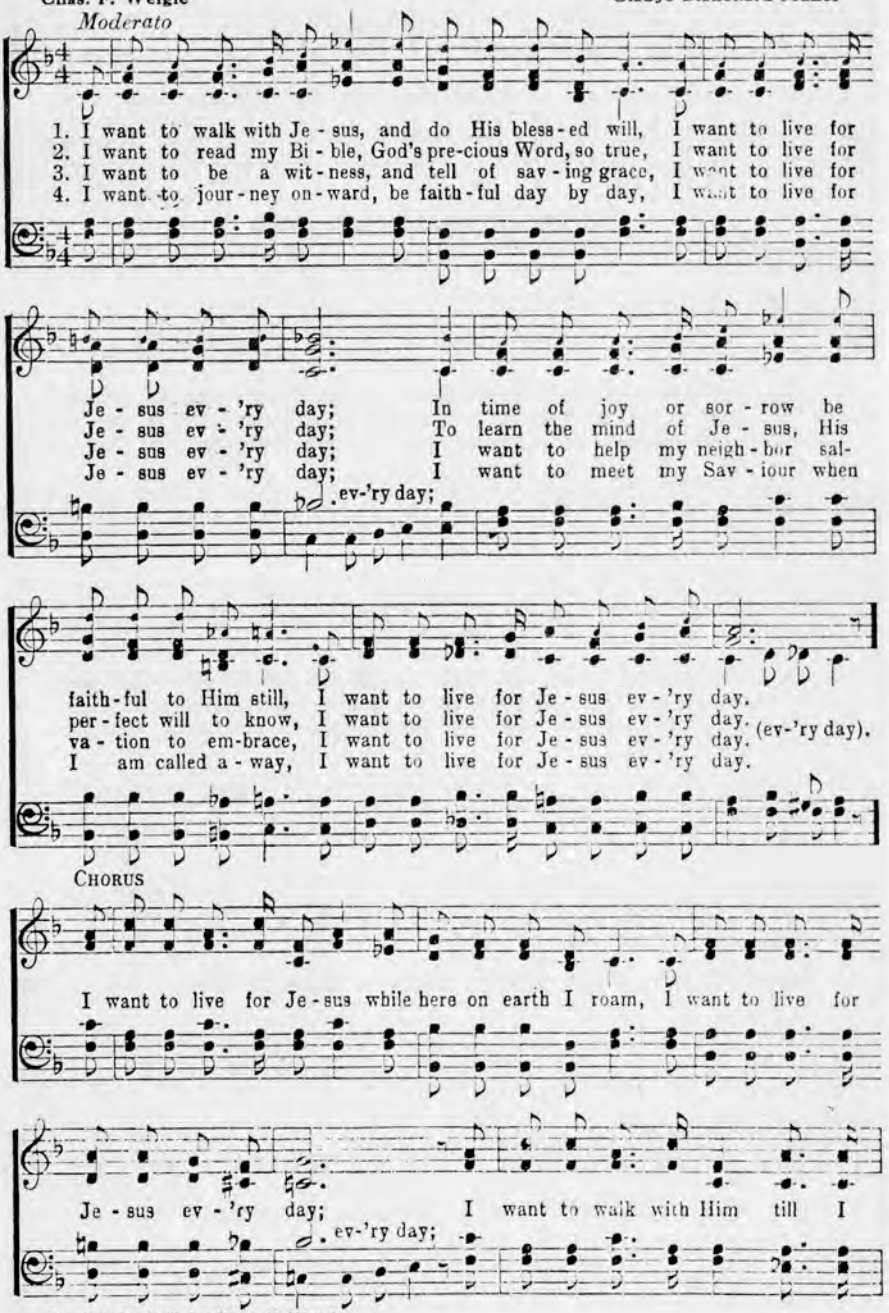


1. My sins have been cast in the depths of the sea, Down deep in the sea;
2. My soul is re-joic-ing my sins are all gone, Down deep in the sea;
3. From sin's con-dem-na-tion now I am re-leased, Down deep in the sea;

So deep they shall nev-er be brought against me, Down deep in the sea.
I praise the dear Lord, who has cast ev-'ry one Down deep in the sea.
And all of the dread of the past is now ceased, Down deep in the sea.

I Want to Live For Jesus

Chas. F. Weigle — Gladys Blanchard Muller

Moderato

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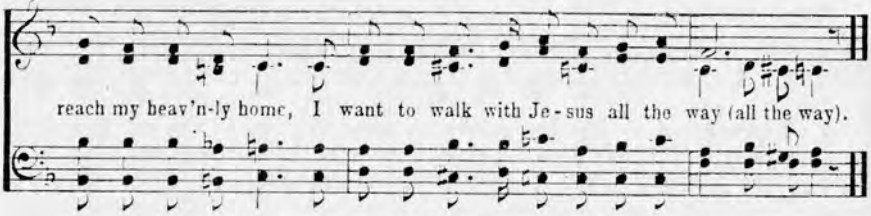
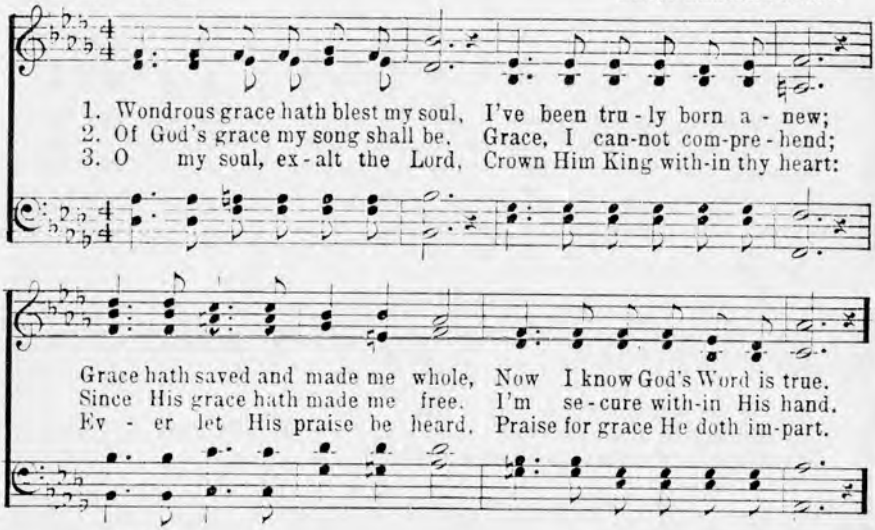
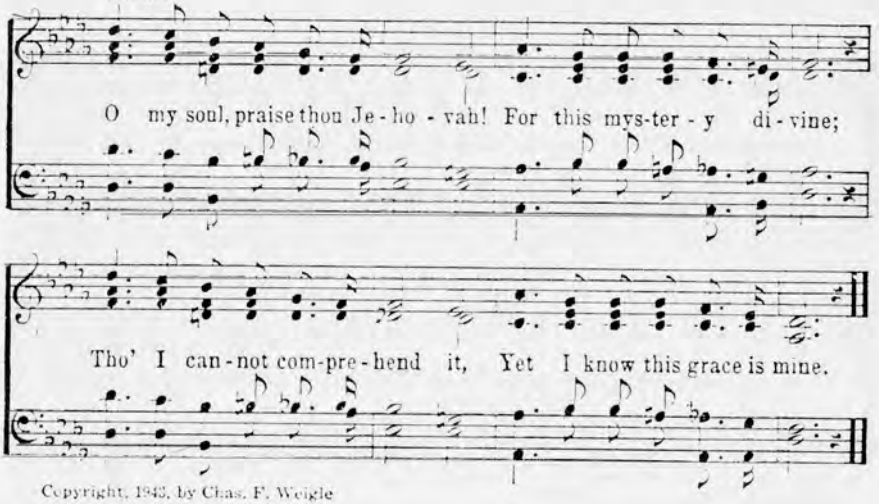
I Want to Live For Jesus



Wondrous Grace Hath Blest My Soul

Chas. F. Weigle — Gladys Blanchard Muller



CHORUS

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I Have Found a Hiding-Place

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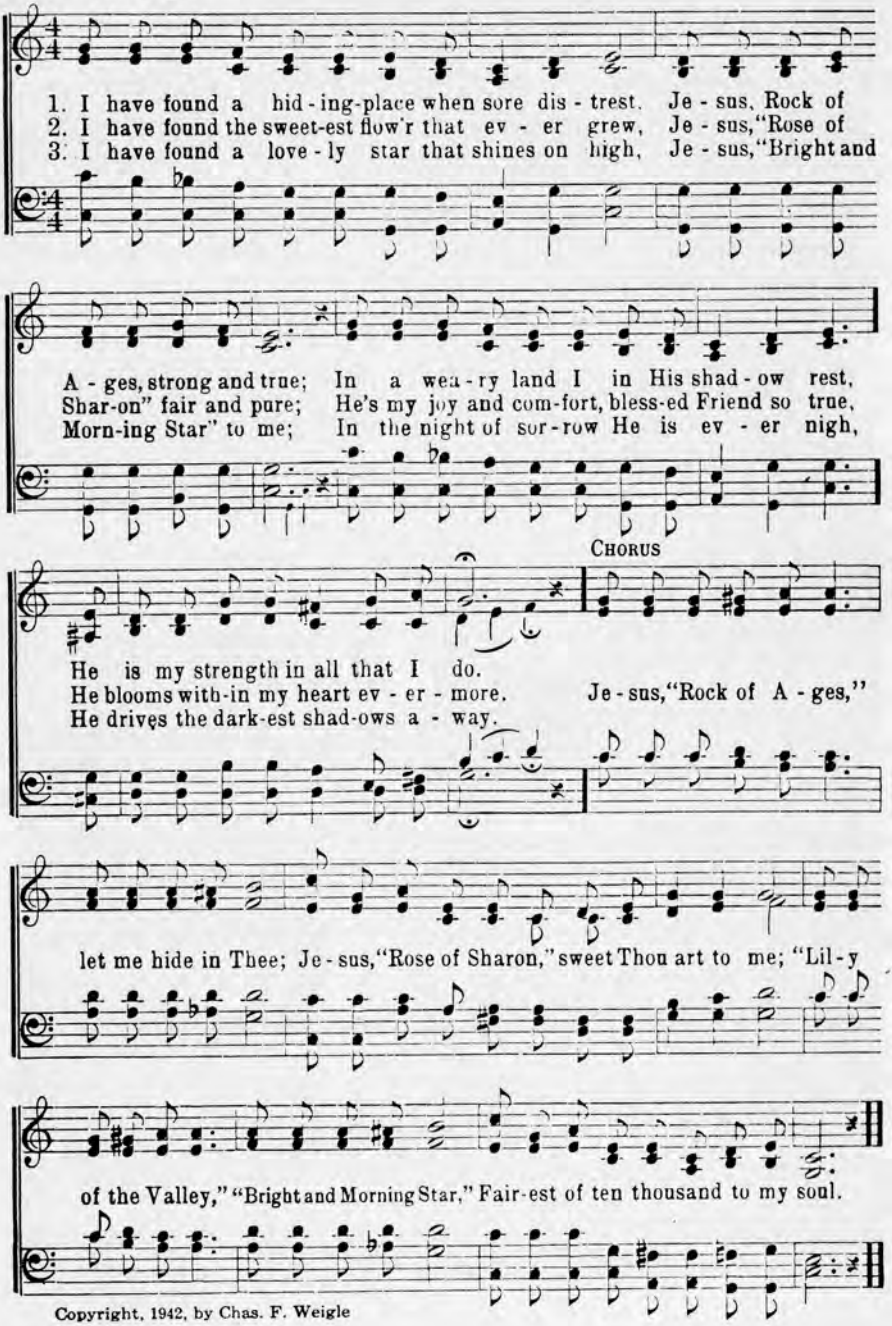
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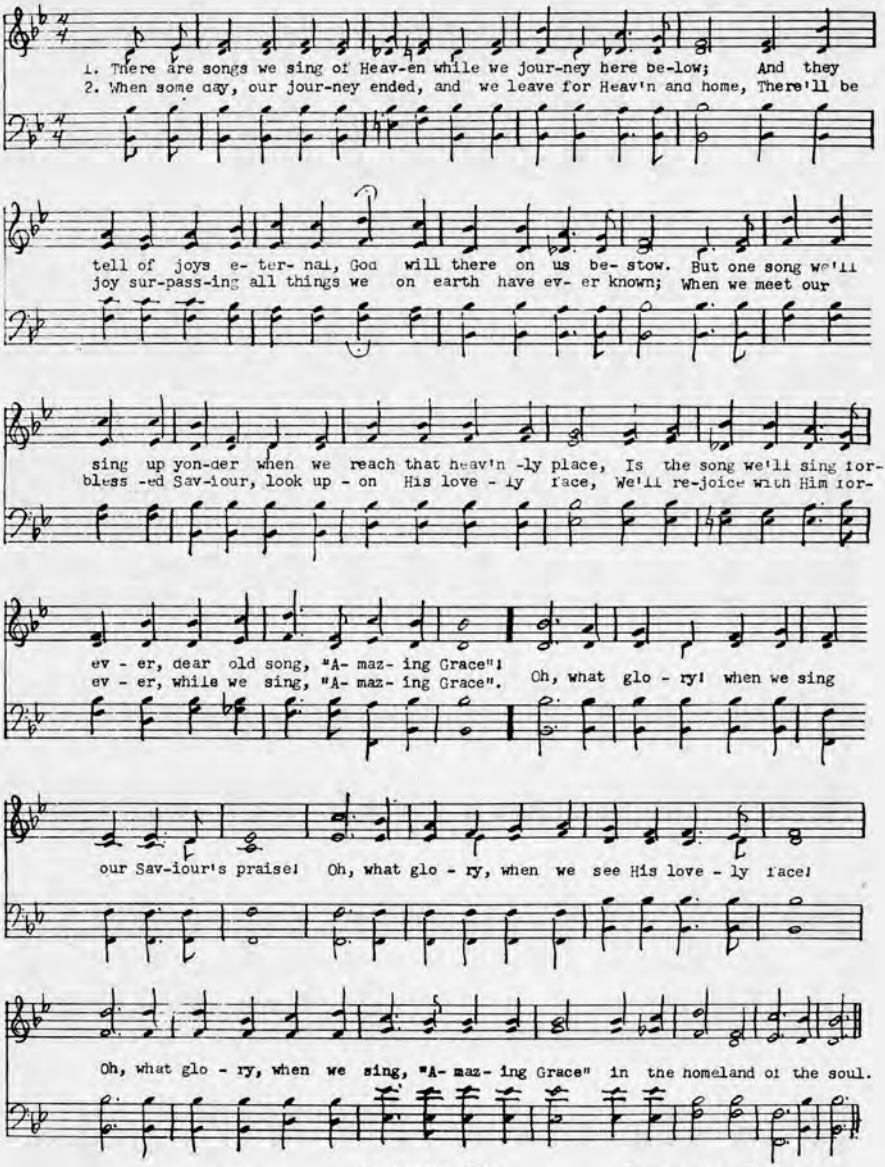
Oh, What Glory !

C. F. Weigle

Charles F. Weigle

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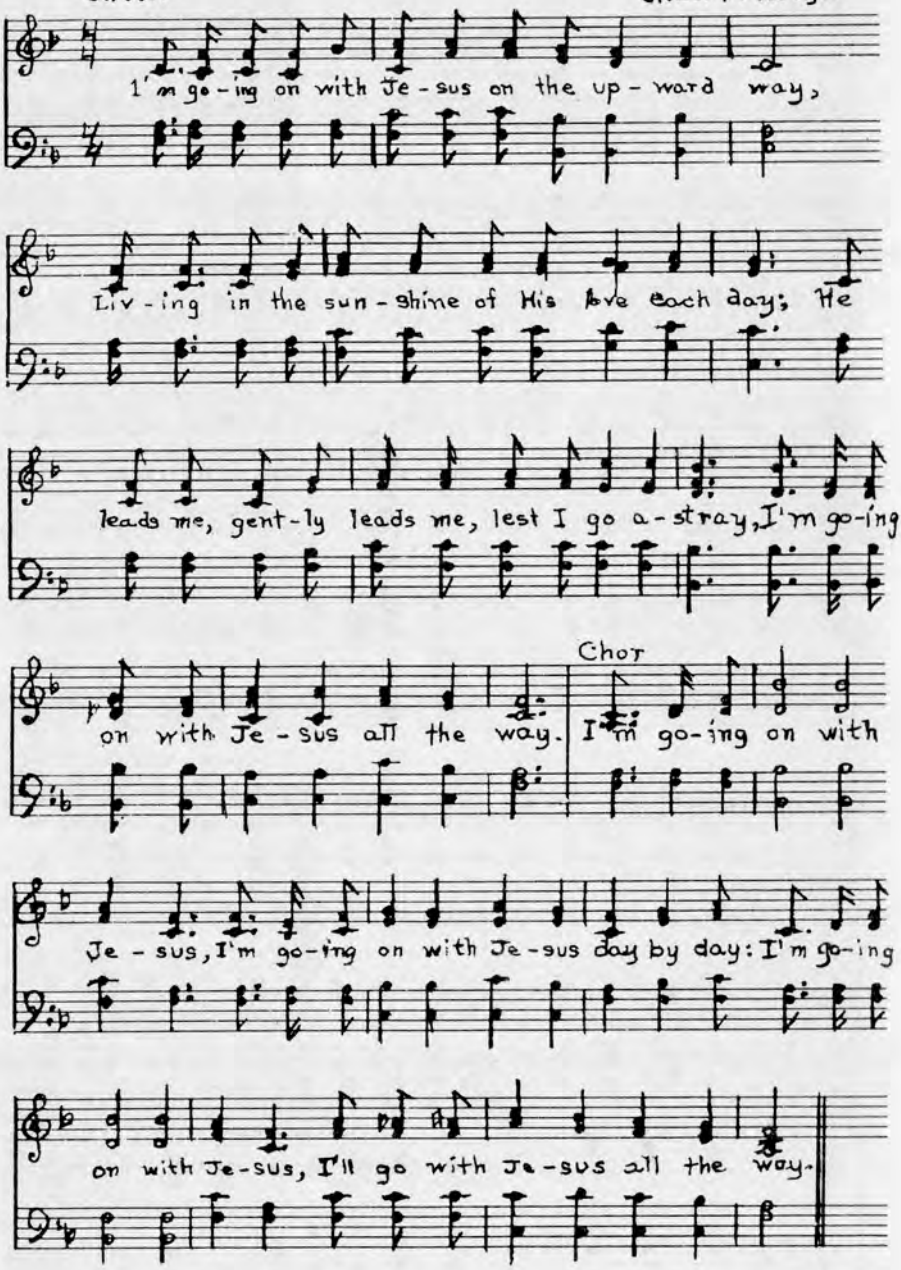
I'm Going On With Jesus

C.F.W. Chas. F. Weigle

Before They Die

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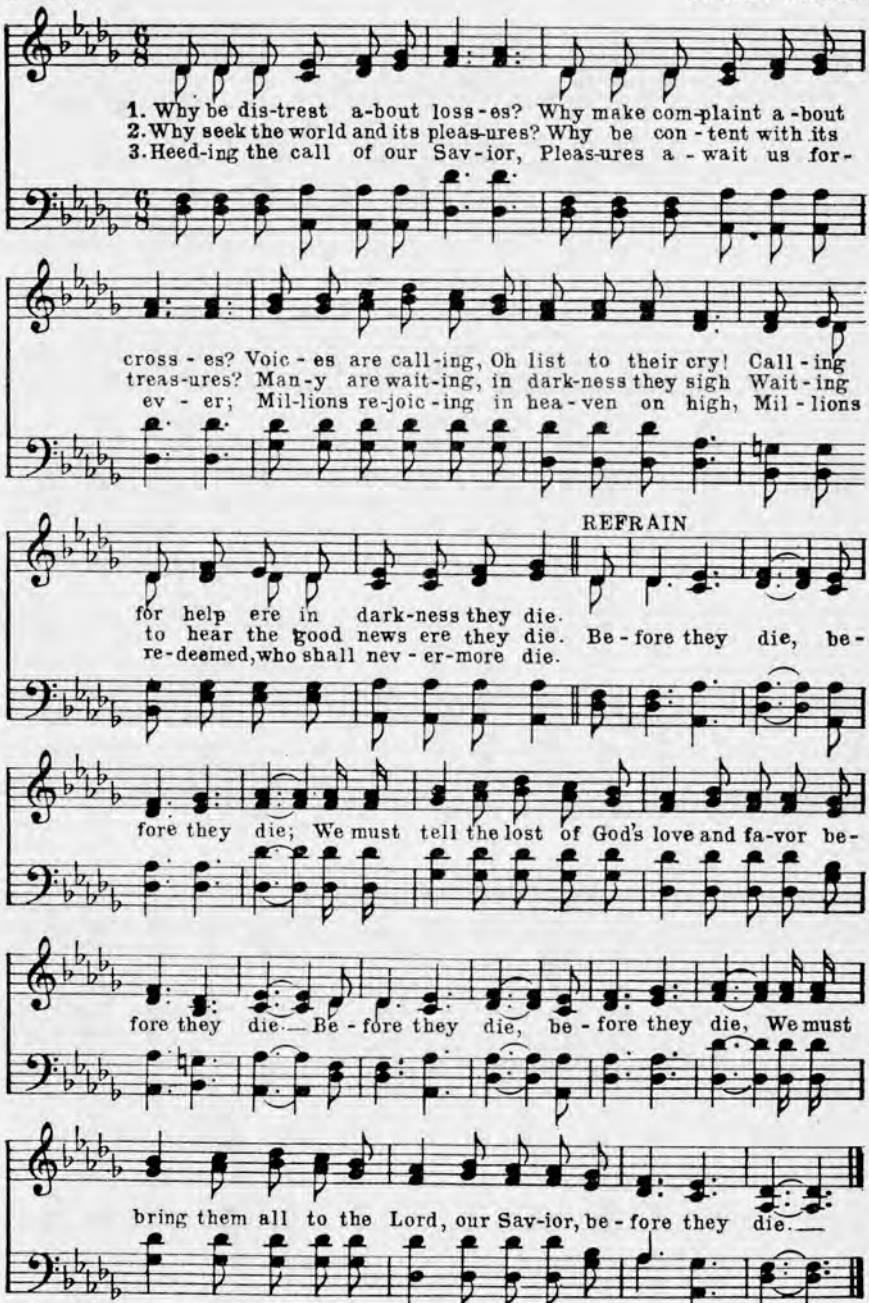
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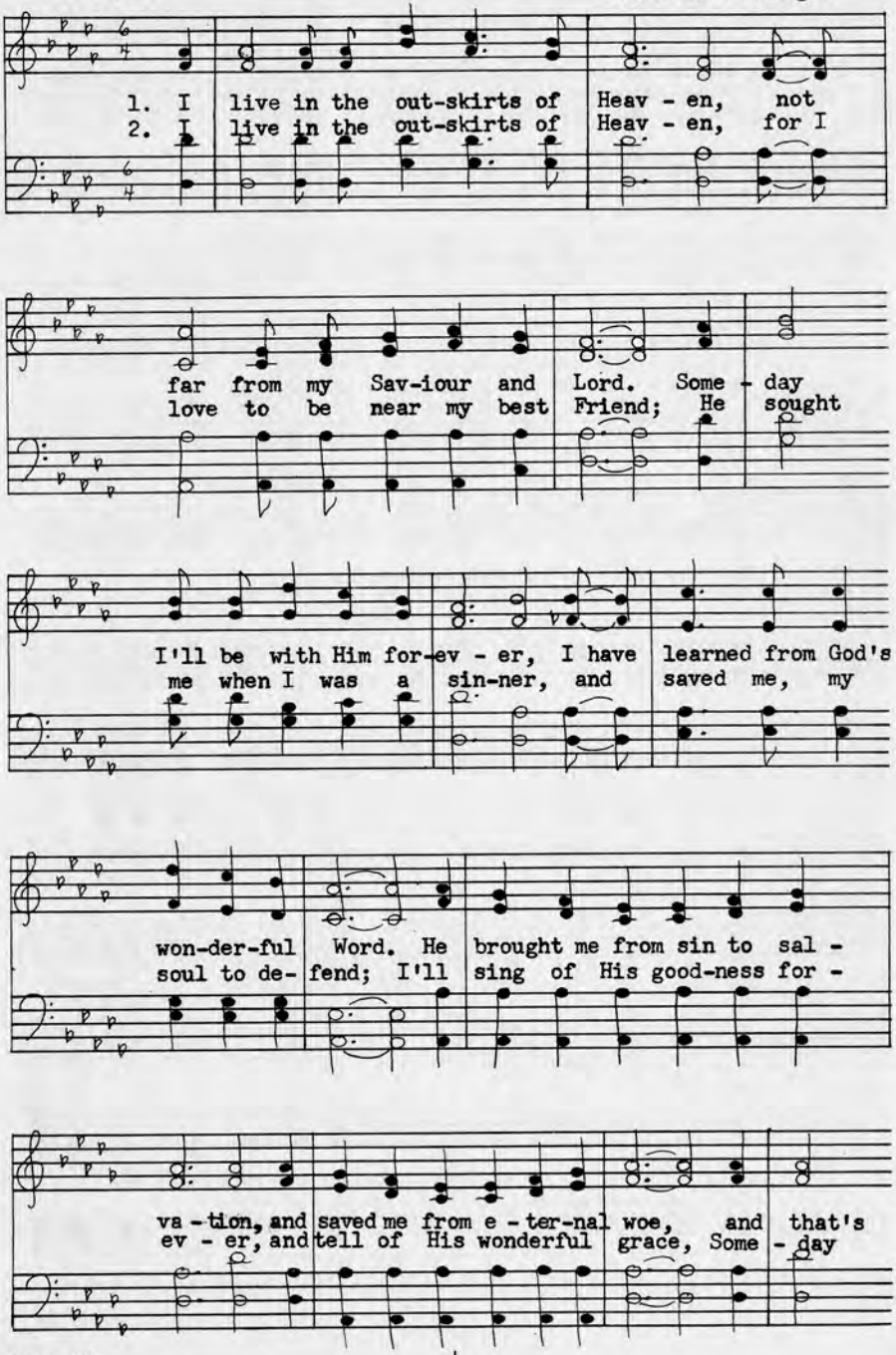
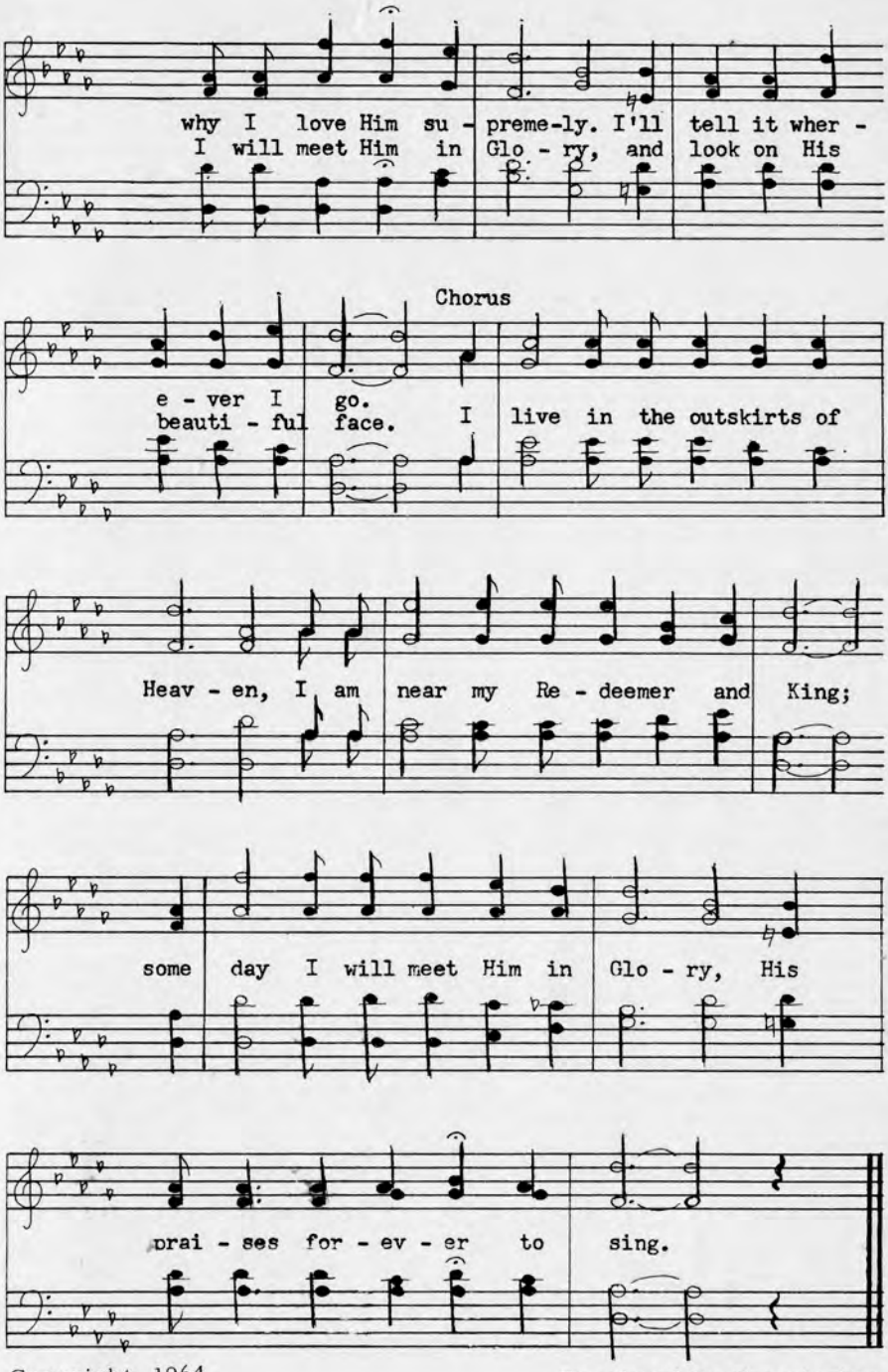
I LIVE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF HEAVEN

C. F. W.

Charles F. Weigle



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